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For The Child's Paper.

THE LITTLE SCARECROW.

Barbara was a little English girl. She was very pretty and sweet-looking, for her temper was very sweet. She was only six years old, yet she had to work in the fields all day, scaring away the crows and other birds from the grain. She had a little wooden clapper, with which she made a loud noise that frightened them. It was very tiresome to her to keep making it, and hearing it all day; but she did it patiently and cheerfully, for it was her duty.

The first thing in the morning, as soon as it was light, she was dressed and in the field driving off the early birds, and looking as fresh and sweet as the flowers beside her, her yellow curls golden in the sunlight, and her blue eyes clear as the dew-drops. But when the sun rose high, and shone hot and burning, the little thing wilted like the flowers, and would have gone to sleep like some of them, only it would not have been right. She climbed upon the stump against which she had been leaning, and clapped the harder when she felt herself growing too tired and sleepy. What she had to do she *would* do. Clap, clap! She was earning two English pence a day. What a little woman, earning money and helping her parents. They worked hard; she could work hard. Clap, clap! Still the noise was disagreeable and tiresome.

"Come, Barbara, come and play," somebody called; "come, Barby."

It was her neighbor Josy, older than she, and who ought to have been watching the grain fields as well as she; but he was too lazy, and no one would trust him.

"Barby," he called coaxingly. "I can't, Josy." "I 've got something here I want to show you," he still coaxed. "What is it, Josy?" "Come and see." "I can't."

And the clapper made the loudest noise to drive away temptation from Barbara. If she heard Josy any more, she might want to go and see what he had. She must not hear him. Clap, clap! Were the birds so very thick then? No; but temptation was growing strong, and must not be listened to, not a minute. Never for a single minute should any child listen to it. Shut your ears when that wrong word is said.

"Barby," again. "Barby, why do n't you come and play? nobody 'll know it." "Yes, they will. And wont you please to go away, Josy?" "I tell you nobody 'll know it, Barby. You need n't tell, and I wont; you can play with me just as well as not."

"I do wish Josy 'd go away," Barbara sighed, feeling very tired, and then the clapper sounded deafeningly loud again. She wondered if God and the angels really saw how hard she tried to be good, and if they really cared any thing about it. Dear child, of course they did. Every clap was heard by them; every struggle of her little soul to do right was watched by them with the deepest interest, as deep as if she had been the stateliest lady in the land.

"Barby!" The dutiful child was growing stronger, the angels were strengthening her, and she spoke firmly: "I *cannot* play with you, Josy; and the squire's men said you must *not* come into the field."

The squire himself was at hand, and had heard all. "Barby!" called a voice richer and heavier than Josy's. Barbara was startled. There was a rustling among the grain, her name was called again, and the squire had found the faithful little girl.

"You 're a darling scarecrow," he said. "Why, who taught you to be so good, and to do my work so well?"

"My mother," Barbara answered in a sweet low tone.

"Well then, here 's something to pay her for it," said the squire, pinning a pound-note into the crown of her straw hat, which was hanging on her arm; "and, darling, here 's a shilling for you," he added, putting a coin into her hand. "Now I 'll drive off the birds while you carry them home and get a half-hour's rest, but be sure and do n't play with Josy; he might tempt you too much."

Barbara blushed and courtesied, and said, "Thank your honor," a great many times, and then ran home with all speed, her weariness quite forgotten. The half-hour was not ended when she was again at her post. The squire had already found her work so tedious and tiresome, that he was glad to be relieved, and praised her for coming so soon. As he was leaving her, he stopped to pat her rosy cheek, and bade her tell her father that she was to have double wages, since one faithful child was worth more to him than two unfaithful ones.

When he came upon Josy, lying in the grass, he forbade his entering his fields again. "You are worse than the thieving crows," he said. "They only want to spoil the corn, but you want to spoil children who are better than you." P. H. P.

TO THE CHILDREN.

The volume of the Old Year is nearly finished. It is full of interesting stories. Your history is there, and my history is there; and stories of all the little children who read this paper—what they have said, and what they have done, and where they have been, and all their plays. Yes, and all their thoughts too are written down in the book of 1866. Must it not be a big book? Will there not be many a sweet story there of your choosing the right, and loving goodness, and following the Lord Jesus in the strait and narrow way, which is the beautiful path to the better land, where, I hope, by and by we shall meet and know each other?

Now do you not wish to *begin* the book of the *new* year with a dear little work for Jesus? I fancy I can see "Yes, yes," in many a bright eye, and even "Yes indeed," in many more. Will you not then take your little Paper in your hand, and go out and get *one* new subscriber? I am sure there is one little boy or girl in your neighborhood, or perhaps down in a back street, or in your school, or out on the prairies, who does not take a beautiful little paper made on purpose for her.

Perhaps she is poor, and has no money to take one. Cannot you then subscribe for her one year? That, I am sure, will be doing good. And you may find it such pleasant work to get one new subscriber, that you will want to get two and three and four and five; or like a little boy I knew, not rest satisfied until you get *ten*.

And I wish some of you would write, and tell us how you liked it. Oh we love to hear from the children.

Not long ago we got a letter from Iowa, ever so far off, and it made our hearts glad indeed. It was from the children in a fine large Sabbath-school in Salina, who told us, whenever The Child's Paper was distributed there, they were like hungry chickens running to get a good breakfast. How we laughed over the lively picture it presented to our minds. Those dear little hungry chickens away off in Salina we think a great deal of, every time we take our pen; and I am sure it will stir us anew to drop them fresh crumbs from that "living Bread which cometh down from heaven." H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

THE THREE NORTHMEN.

Come, boys, button up your coats, draw on your mittens, hunt up your tippets, be ready for a fight with the old Northmen. One is already here. *What is his name?* Captain *Jack Frost*. You know him. He lives in an ice-castle away up in the north, and watches his opportunity, when the sun runs low and the nights are long, to creep down and play his pranks. He nips the vines in the garden, builds bridges over the ponds, pinches the children's ears, and if possible will, by and by, get into the cupboard and crack the tumblers.

Who is another? General *Boreas*. You will hear him pretty soon come thundering over the tops of the trees in hail and snow. Nor does he mind twisting off their limbs, knocking down chimneys, and making sad havoc with the ships on the ocean. Nor has he any consideration for the poor traveller caught out alone, for he whistles round his head, roars in his ears, heaps the snow in his path, and will bury him up if he can. He is a terrible old stormer. Keep out of his way.

Who next? Old *Zero*, with his white head. You will be pretty sure to catch him creeping along after General Boreas has blowed his blast and gone. He likes a still night, when the stars are twinkling in the sky. Then he puts a white curtain over your window-panes. You cannot hear him; he makes no bluster; but he is really more dangerous than Boreas, for he stings bitterly; and if he finds people out and unprepared for him, he freezes their hands and numbs their feet before they know it; and many a poor creature sinks down to die without thinking what a deadly enemy has overtaken him. We had better be well on our guard when he is round; and I advise you to keep an eye upon any poor children in your neighborhood, who have not the means of defending themselves against his attacks. Inquire if they have warm jackets, woollen socks, and thick shoes. If they are bare of these necessary equipments, look over your drawers and closets, and be ready to lend a helping hand whenever help is needed.

For The Child's Paper.

MARY has a new bonnet and nice clothes. How ought she to feel? Proud? No; for a little worm had her silk for its house long before she saw it. Vain? No; because she will be loved, not for what she has on her back, but for what she has in her heart. Thankful? Yes, thankful to her dear papa and mamma for taking care of her so. Their kindness should make her more obedient and sweet-tempered day by day.

Have they told you about that beautiful garment made for you, my child, made a long while ago, and yet as good as new? for it never becomes old-fashioned; it never fades; it is never too long or too short, too thin or too thick. It is made for all weathers, and is fit for all occasions, and grows better and more beautiful the longer it is worn. Best of all, it makes the wearer *happy*.

Fine dresses do not always make people happy. I have seen little girls quite miserable with their new hats and pretty sacques. But whoever wears this garment, beautiful as it is, feels neither vanity nor pride. "A humble and quiet spirit" fills her soul, and sweet peace shines in her countenance. It is made of goodness and love, and the Bible calls it a "robe of righteousness." It was wrought by God's dear Son when he lived upon earth and suffered for us on the cruel cross.

He made a robe for you, my little one, and for *you*, and *you*. Perhaps you have already received them. Oh, I hope so. If you have not, lose no time in running to the Lord Jesus, begging with all your heart, "A robe of righteousness for me, for me."

For The Child's Paper.

BRECHIN HALL.

Some years ago two Scotch lads landed in Boston. They brought their whole capital over in the ship with them. It was not in money, nor was it credit. They had no letters of introduction to great men in Boston, who could put them in the way of business. They came as strangers to seek their fortunes in a strange land; and their capital consisted entirely in *good principles*. It was a pious mother's prayers; it was filial piety, respect for the Sabbath, and industrious habits—capital which can never, never fail.

Brechin, a little village six miles from Glasgow, was their native place. Here they worked in the mills. Their names were Peter and John Smith; and I cannot but think their pious parents named them for the two beloved disciples, who outran all the rest in loving zeal for the Master. They set up a small shop, where, like every spot in those days, the bottle and the jug had a place upon the shelf.

Peter heard one day of an old fellow-townsman living in a neighboring village. He was eager to see him and talk over "bonnie Scotland." Saturday night, and work done, he set off impatient to find him. On reaching his home, instead of the hearty grasp, honest welcome, and friendly chat joyfully looked forward to, the young man found his friend in bed—*drunk*. It was a bitter disappointment; yes, and a burning shame.

Peter returned home the next day, went into his shop, took down his jug, and dashed it in pieces on the ground.

"Never one drop more for me," said Peter.

"Never one drop more for me," said John.

From that hour they took their stand upon the teetotal ground; and when I tell you it was long before the great temperance reformation, you will be surprised and delighted at their pluck.

I cannot stop to tell you in this short article much that would interest you, only that they at last set up a small factory in Andover, Massachusetts, for the spinning of shoemakers' thread. The character which they put into their work of course made a good article, and a good article always commands the market.

They joined themselves to God's people; and as they honored him by keeping his commandments, and bringing up their families in his love and fear, he honored them. Their business prospered. By and by they sent for their dear old mother to cross the waters, and spend her last days with them. And to make the change easier for her, they brought over all the furniture of her little room, and set it up in a room of one of their houses, and called it "mother's chamber." That chamber was full of dear old Scotland, prayers, piety, and all.

Well, Peter and John became rich men; and a while ago they thought they ought to build a monument of the Lord's goodness to them. But just how or what, puzzled them. The Lord, however, does not leave his people long in the dark when they have hearts to serve him; so he pointed out the way.

In Andover there is a famous school, called the "Andover Theological Seminary," where young men go through a course of study in order to fit them to become preachers of the gospel. And there was a large and valuable library belonging to the school, which had no safe accommodations for it. A new, fire-proof building had long been needed for these fifty thousand volumes. The brothers and their friend and partner, Mr. Dove, heard about this need, and they said, "We will offer to build them a hall, and have it called *Brechin Hall*, in memory of our old Scotch home." The trustees of the seminary were thankful enough to accept the offer; so they gave sixty thousand dollars for this purpose. The building was finished last summer, and a beautiful brown stone building it is, named "Brechin Hall," just as they wished.

A great many people from far and near went to

its dedication; and best of all, the minister, who used to be their minister when they were boys, happened to be in this country at the time, and came also. It was Dr. James McCosh. He had quite forgotten about the boys, but they had not forgotten him, or left his instructions behind. Indeed this beautiful building was fruit of the good seed planted forty years before at their early home across the ocean.

When the doors were thrown open to the great company assembled on the green, Mr. Peter Smith and Mr. John Smith, with their partner and families, were the first to enter; and I am sure it must have been a glad moment to them, as they stepped up the broad stone steps of their noble hall, founded on gratitude to God.

"Ah," said Mr. Smith to a friend that day, "I owe whatever of prosperity I have had, under God, to my love for my mother and total abstinence."

H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

A RIDE AND THE RAIN.

George lived with a dear, good uncle—George, his mother, and his little sister Mary. Uncle loved to give the little folks pleasure, and one day he planned a ride to the sea-side. Jane Crafts was going too. She came over in the morning. They were to start at noon, and stay and drink tea at the sea-side. Of course the children expected a great deal of enjoyment. During the forenoon clouds gathered in the sky, and by twelve o'clock it began to sprinkle. "I think it will rain," said mother. "It will not, I am sure," said George. "It does rain, I do believe," said Mary. "You need not say so," cried George in a cross tone; "you are always prophesying evil, Mary." "I see a drop on the steps," said Mary. "I am afraid we shall not go." "One drop does not scare *me*," cried George, "nor need a few clouds in the sky spoil our fun; it will not rain, I know."

George, you see, was pretty positive; but positive people cannot rule the weather; it does not mind them at all: and so the clouds kept sprinkling, until uncle came in and said the ride would have to be given up. "Why, uncle?" asked George, going to the door and putting out his hand; "I feel sure this is only a sprinkle; and who cares for a few drops of rain?" "It looks like a rainy afternoon, George," said his uncle, "and I think we must make up our minds to stay at home."

"What 's the use of caring for a little rain?" muttered George in an ill-humored undertone, going out on the piazza. The little girls followed him. "We can have a nice time in the barn," said Mary. "Jane has not seen our new swing."

But George did not care about swinging. He wanted to ride, and it was a shame to have their fun spoiled so, he said. George was, naturally enough, disappointed; but when he found they could not go, he should have *immediately* banished it from his mind. Instead of which, he kept dwelling on the disappointment, declaring it always happened so when *he* was going anywhere, with many other ill-humored things, which I should be very sorry to record. The little girls could not pacify him. They proposed a good many plays, but nothing pleased him.

Pretty soon his uncle called him. George went into the house. "What are you doing, my child?" asked his uncle. "I was doing nothing, sir," said George. "I am grieved you did not know you were doing wrong," said his uncle. "Wrong!" repeated George, looking guilty. "Yes, George," said uncle gently, but gravely, "you are allowing yourself to indulge in some of the worst of feelings—self-conceit, ingratitude, selfishness, and even impiety."

Pretty serious charges, were they not?

"Is it not self-conceited in you," continued his uncle, "to persist in saying it is not going to rain, when the rain has already begun, with no prospect of clearing up?

"Are you not both undutiful and ungrateful in talking in a way which you know must give me pain? Is not this spirit of unsubmission and ill-will chiefly aimed at me, who have planned this ride for your pleasure?

"Are you not selfish in making the little girls uncomfortable and wretched, because you will not submit to what you cannot help?

"And are you not impious in rebelling against God for sending this blessed rain, which all the fields are suffering for?"

George, it must be confessed, felt much ashamed. He hardly knew what to say. "I did not know, uncle, the rain was wanted," he said at last. "It is very much needed," replied his uncle, "and if it lasts will make thousands and thousands of dollars difference in our corn crop and apple crop.

"My dear child," said uncle, "I want you to go away by yourself and think over this. You have grieved me indeed, but how much more are you grieving your heavenly Father, who loves you far better than any earthly friend can."

The tender tone in which his uncle spoke touched George, and brought tears to his eyes. "Oh, I did not think it was so bad, uncle," he said.

I trust other children who have behaved like George under disappointment—and I am afraid many have—will here see the true nature of their feelings, and how sinful they are; for the first step towards self-improvement must be self-knowledge.

For The Child's Paper.

"PAT-A-CAKE."

A little girl was vexed, and what did she do? She struck her mamma in the face. How sober mamma looked. Was she not sorry to have such a naughty little daughter? "That was *pat-a-cake*," said Matty as soon as she had done it, "it was pat-a-cake." But mother put her out of her arms, and Matty ran to her baby-house. It was not long before she came back to her mother's knee.

"Mamma," she said, "that was n't pat-a-cake; it was naughty slap, and I 's so sorry. Will my mamma 'give me?"—Matty meant *for*give, you know—"will her?" asked Matty, putting up her small fat hands, "will her?"

I am glad Matty felt it best to be honest. We must give things their right names. If children behave naughty, they must not call it something else; that is deceiving. Naughty *is* naughty, and I am glad Matty came back and said so; for God sees into the hearts of little people, and it grieves him to have them say what they know is not true. He does not want us to say one thing and *be* another.

Matty's mother did forgive her, I know; and I thought I heard a kiss or two.

For The Child's Paper.

SICK MAMMA.

Mamma was sick. What could little Alice do for her? She could not be the doctor, and ride up to the door in a carriage to tell poor mamma what medicine to take. She could not be a nurse, to make poor mamma's bed, and rub her arms, or lift her into the armchair. She could not go errands down street, because she was a very little girl and had never been in the street alone, so how could she know the way? She could not take mamma's work-basket and finish her sewing, because she could only sew patchwork, and mamma's sewing was not patchwork. She could not sit in dear mamma's chair at table, and pour out the tea for papa.

What could little Alice do for her dear sick mamma? She could *walk softly* about the room, and not make any noise. Little Alice could do that. She *did* do it; and it made dear mamma's head better, and did her heart good.

You see God always leaves something for little willing hearts to do.

For The Child's Paper.

"JESUS TOOK HIM."

On a little gravestone I read the other day, "Charlie—Jesus took him." His mother would love to have held him longer in her arms, I know, and kissed him and washed and dressed his dear little body; and his papa would never have been tired carrying him about in his strong arms; but Jesus loved the little baby better than father and mother could do, and Jesus knew it was best, and *he* took him. How sweet to feel that dear baby will never cry, or be sick, or moan, or pine, or be naughty on Jesus' bosom. All his baby tears will be wiped away for ever; all his baby sorrows will be husbed by a love that never slumbers. If our dear baby must go, blessed Jesus, take him.

For The Child's Paper.

Who ever thought of catching the snow on a sheet of paper, and sending it away in a letter? Nobody but a little girl who was born in India, where a flake of snow is never seen. She was the daughter of a missionary, and was sent to this cold country to grow well and strong. When the first snow whirled in the air, you would have laughed to see her look of wonder. What was it? How white—how beautiful! Was it a shower of sugar-plums? Were they angels' feathers dropping from the sky? Were they lily-white butterflies flying through the air? She clapped her hands with joy. All India had nothing half so wonderful. And what was her first thought? To send some in a letter to her dear mamma. Her own mamma must see it. Her mamma would be so pleased.

It is always a good sign when children wish their parents to enjoy their pleasures with them.

I do not believe mamma ever received the snow letter; do you?

WHAT THE GOOD CHILD LOVES.

Who of our readers can adopt the following language?

"I love the Lamb who died for me,
I love his little lamb to be;
I love the Bible, where I find
How good my Saviour was, and kind
I love beside his cross to stay,
I love the grave where Jesus lay;
I love his people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praise;
I love the Father and the Son,
I love the Spirit he sent down;
I love to think the time will come
When I shall be with him at home.

By request of a German Pastor in Wisconsin.

LITTLE THINGS.

A grain of corn an infant's hand
May plant upon an inch of land,
Whence twenty stalks might spring, and yield
Enough to stock a little field.

The harvest of that field might then
Be multiplied to ten times ten,
Which, sown twice more, could furnish bread
Wherewith an army might be fed.

A penny is a little thing,
Which e'en a poor man's child may bring
Into the treasury of heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven.

As seven! yea, worth its weight in gold,
And that increased a hundred-fold;
For lo, a penny tract, if well
Applied, may save a soul from hell.

That soul can scarce be saved alone—
It must, it will its bliss make known;
Come, it will cry, and you shall see
What great things God hath done for me.

Hundreds that joyful sound shall hear—
Hear with the heart as well as ear,
And these to thousands more proclaim
Salvation in the only Name.

HARRY'S SERMON.

"Eddie," said Harry, "let's go to church; and I'll be the minister, and preach you a sermon."

"Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the peoples."

So Harry led him away, and they went up stairs together. He set an old fire-screen in front of him, by way of pulpit, and thus began: "My text is a very short and easy one, 'Be kind.'

"First, be kind to papa, and don't make a noise when he has a headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is, but I do. I had one once, and I didn't want to hear any one speak a word.

"Secondly, be kind to mamma, and don't make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, 'It is time for you to go to bed,' half a dozen times over.

"Thirdly, be kind to baby."

"You have leaved out, Be kind to Harry," interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry, "I didn't mean to mention my own name in my sermon. I was saying, Be kind to little Minnie, and let her have your red soldier to play with when she wants it.

"Fourthly, be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you."

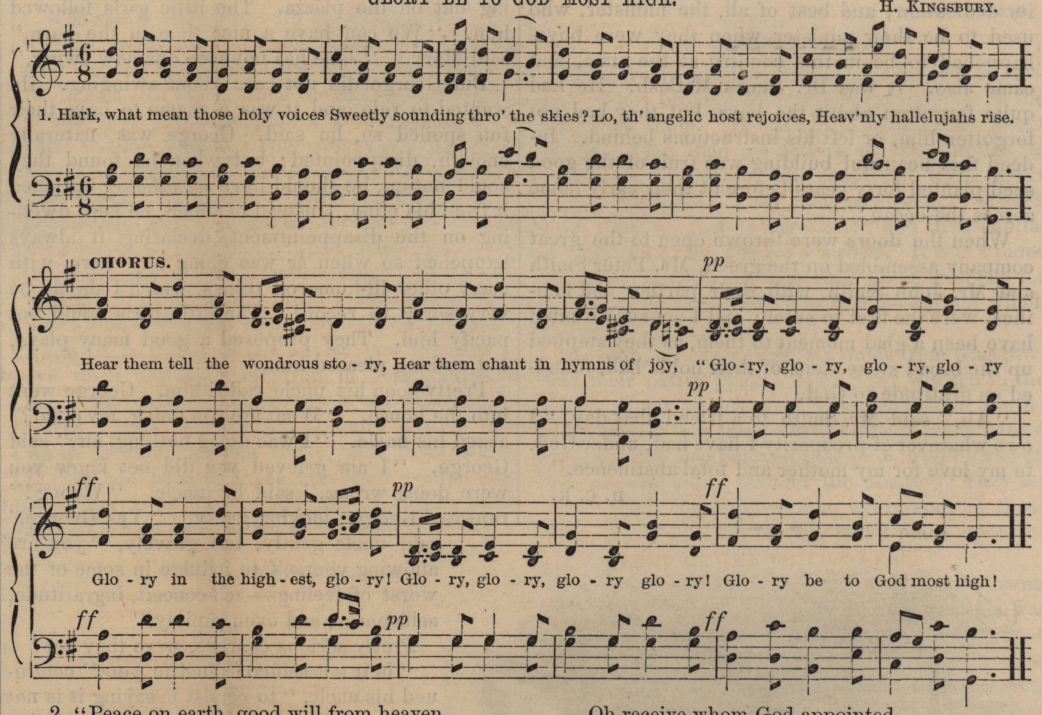
Here Eddie looked a little ashamed, and said, "But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"Fifthly, be kind to kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

"Isn't the sermon most done?" asked Eddie; "I want to sing;" and without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse, or give out a hymn, he began to sing, and so Harry had to stop; but it was a very good sermon. Don't you think so?

GLORY BE TO GOD MOST HIGH.

H. KINGSBURY.


1. Hark, what mean those holy voices Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo, th' angelic host rejoices, Heav'nly hallelujahs rise.
CHORUS.
pp
Hear them tell the wondrous sto - ry, Hear them chant in hymns of joy, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry
ff
pp
ff
Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!

2. "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud their golden harps shall sound."—CHO.

3. "Christ is born, the great Anointed,
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
Oh receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."—CHO.

4. "Hasten, mortals, to adore him,
Learn his name and taste his joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!"—CHO.

WHATEVER you do, do it *willingly*. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lessons well. A man that is driven to work cares little how poorly it is done. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

A cheerful spirit gets on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will sink.

"My dear little Mary 'is not,' for the Lord has taken her. I let her spin last winter for amusement, and told her she might knit some socks and sell them, and she should have the money. Here it is—one dollar—as her own little fingers earned it. Please lay it out in Child's Papers for the destitute. It is but a little, but it was her all."

A Mother in Virginia.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XV.—1866.

Apron, The clean 24
Arthur's robin 12
Babe in the house, A new .. 12
Bad news 20
Basket of clothes 30
Bear and tomtits 42
Bessie's birthday cake 8
Better than striking back ... 5
Birds in winter 5
Blind boy, The happy 38
Boating without leave 23
Boy and his mother 2
Brave John Maynard 33
Bread-fruit 3
Brechin Hall 46
Budgett, Mr. Samuel 2
Children of the far West 34
Child's Paper 16, 40, 46
Commandments, Sixth and Eighth 14, 33
Count your mercies 28
Cow, The new 30
Deaf workhouse boy 18
Decision of character 6
Difference, The 38
Dog and thief 16
"Do n't care" spirit, The .. 43
Down and up 40
Eagles 29
Early to bed 12
Errand-boy 26
Flower-boy 42
Freddie's sickness 28
Garments, The best 46
God shining in the sky 26
God on the sea 35
Golden opportunities 26
Grapes for the sick friend ... 34
Hammer, The old 43
Hands, What made for 36
Happy Mary 15
Happy New-year 2
Harry's sermon 48
Hen, The pet 18
Honey-guides 28
"How can I come to Christ" 35
Huguenots 41
India-rubber man 10
Irish Nelly 11
"I will not go" 15
Jesus' story about a pearl ... 42
Job, A $30,000 22
Johnny in the fire 20
John's first campaign 6
"John Williams," The 24
Kite-flying 7
Lambs in the pasture 39
Launching a ship 1
Lighthouse 15
Little Becky; and Bessie .. 2, 30
Little Dennis 3
Little girl's question 37
Little lips 27
Looking for a place 21
Lord's prayer, The 15
Lost in the woods 44
Lottie and the voice 13
Loving and obedient spirit .. 8
Lucy and her measuring-rule 14
Lucy like the black cat 19
Lucy's gift 4
Maggie and Fido 31
Man who loved money 22
Mary Jane 38
Meddlesome Asa 27
Miller, The old 31
Milly and Mercy 10
Mother's joy 2
Nei Sima 11
No pains, no gains 30
Northmen, The three 46
Not afraid 10
Not worth a straw 40
Only a flower to give 36
Orange, the smallest 31
Order, order 4
Ornament, a beautiful 18
"Our Alice" in distress 43
"Pat-a-cake" 47
Picket pledge 17
Pigs in the South-sea islands 10
Pint of Crummy's milk 39
Playthings 38
Politeness, True 25
Poor Albert 10
Prayer-meeting, The boys' .. 34
Precious Christ 15
Prisoner released by an angel 27
Ride and the rain 47
Right place for "wont;" and "no" 13, 41
Rills, What they said 32
Robin for a teacher 22
Sabbath-school; lesson ... 27, 19
Satan to be resisted 7
Saving instead of spending . 40
Scarecrow, The little 45
Scrubbing Katie 35
Seth and his top 34
Sick mamma 47
Sled, The new 24
Small beginnings 24
Snow-storm in camp 9
Spare moments 7
Speak kindly 19
Stealing fruit 14
Stubborn boy, The 42
Susie 9
Swearing 16, 25
Temperance 1
Three blasts of the horn 18
Tobacco 6
Traveller's tree 17
Wants of little children 21
What a child may be 44
What a little girl did .. 14, 26, 32
What a wrong thought led to 11
What kind of a penny? 3
Whose fault is it? 7
Why people loved Mary 29
Word in season 28
Wreck of a steamer 37

POETRY.

A few more years shall roll. MUSIC 4
All night long, etc. MUSIC .. 28
Child's New-year's hymn ... 4
Child's prayer 3
Give, said the little stream .. 28
Glory be to God. MUSIC ... 48
God hears 36
Going to sleep 12
I see in heaven those mansions bright. MUSIC 32
Just as I am. MUSIC 20
Katydid, To the 16
Little feet so glad and gay .. 32
Little things 48
Little Willie 20
Lord's Prayer. CHANT 24
Nearer home. MUSIC 8
O'er the flowing river. MUSIC 40
Remember now thy Creator 8
Return, The 13
Round the throne. MUSIC .. 12
Seek the Shepherd 24
Snow 8
There is a land of pure delight. MUSIC 16
There 's a land of peerless beauty. MUSIC 36
To our Redeemer's glorious name. MUSIC 44
Voice, The little 40
What a good child loves 48
What the stars say 44
Work and play 30

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